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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 120.

BEAUTY NOT ESSENTIAL TO LOVE.

IT is a common opinion that beauty is essential to love. But so prone are a lazy world to take things for granted, merely to save the labor of proof, that what is common should be suspected to be therefore incorrect, and the most conclusive reason, why a position is false, is because every body believes it.

Could the ladies apprehend, that beauty was not essential to love; that this passion might exist in the best of hearts, and yet depend for its origin and duration, on something more permanent than "*the tincture of the skin*," "a set of features or complexion;" that it often did exist in the worthiest of men, in all its ardor, and in all its purity, with a higher source than *the waving line*, or the distorted form; they would no longer vainly attempt to steal a *perfume from the violet* or a *tint from the rose*. Their morning sacrifice would be at a nobler shrine than the toilet. The incense they would inhale, would be from the altar of nature; and it would give new light to the eye. *Sophia* would be almost convinced that there was a radiance more attractive than the glitter of baubles, and *Maria* begin to doubt whether the power to charm did not reside in something besides *the lacing of stays*.

Without meaning to be very formal, I define beauty to be the exterior that pleases the eye; and contend that persons of different sexes may be sincerely and reciprocally in love, and yet each be perfectly convinced that the other was without beauty.

I assume the positions, that marriages are generally made from a pure motive; and that the only pure motive to marriage, is love.

How many then are the marriages, where neither party has any pretensions to beauty? Visit a married circle in any of our towns, and how small a proportion of the whole can this attribute be applied? Extend your observation under other suns? Where do their beams give beauty? Where do they shine merely for the rules of proportion? Where do they kindle only into Symmetry? When marriages without beauty are every where so numerous, who will believe that they are therefore without love?

Beauty is *uncommon*. It consists in an assemblage of graces, that is *extraordinary*; in Symmetry that is *unusual*; and a union of colors that is *rare*. It requires a nicety of proportion not often met, and a delicacy of construction *seldom* produced. But how wretched

would be the condition of the great mass of our species, if to be an object of love, it was necessary for an individual of either sex to be an *extraordinary* being, and something beyond the common course of nature?

Nor can it be pretended, that there never was a married couple, however ugly, but what thought each other handsome. The suggestion would be absurd. "It would be to talk of beauties that none ever saw." The reverse is generally true. They form correct relative opinions in this respect, if we may judge from the opinions they express of the persons of strangers.

Congeniality is admitted to be a cause of love. The natural index to this, is face, and perhaps form. Things similar, are congenial. If a man then of plain or homely face and form, and to preclude the above objection, conscious of his plainness or homeliness, like himself, he will seek a similar mind and disposition under a similar face and figure. Hence the common remark, how much husband and wife resemble each other. Here is pure love, and as natural a happy connection. Yet who is hardy enough in absurdity to pretend, that each is not completely convinced of the want of beauty in the other?

The husband that marries for beauty, will find too late from the conduct of his wife, what the man of observation had long before found from the common deportment of belles, the truth of the sacred expression, "*beauty is vain.*" The beautiful, says lord Bacon, study for the most part, rather behaviour than virtue. The Wanderer can only advise his afflicted companions, who are thus unhappily wedded, to keep their wives constantly in company, but never at home. Husband and wife are alike obliged by the counsel.

My fair friends are exhorted to attend to the graces of the *inward woman*; to apply a *mirror* to *the mind*; to see what thought is out of place; what habit unbecoming; what ornament shows taste; whether all these are unsullied; what principle can purify; to adjust the dress of thought, and give simplicity and elegance to the robes of understanding. If they are beautiful, they will then show, that they have taken my lord Verulam's hint, and attended as well to virtue as behavior. If they are not favored in person, they will so far have improved their inward charms, as to have more than supplied the deficiency, and have left genius in no doubt whom to choose. Instead of the smile of the face, they will evince the throb of the heart. In lieu of the glance of the eye, they will lighten with the flash of the mind. Instead of brilliancy in a particular circle, their dispositions will irradiate life. Their example will tend to give refinement to manners, dignity to society, and cordiality to conduct.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A PANEGYRIC UPON IMPUDENCE.

Orators and men of wit have frequently amused themselves with maintaining paradoxes. Thus, Erasmus has written a panegyric upon *folly*: Montaigne has said fine things upon *ignorance*, which

he somewhere calls "the softest pillow a man can lay his head upon:" and Cardan, in his *Encomium Neronis*, has, I suppose, defended every vice and every folly. It is astonishing to me, that no one has yet done justice to *impudence*; which has so many advantages, and for which so much may be said. Did it never strike you, what simple, naked, uncompounded *impudence* will do? what strange and astonishing effects it will produce? Aye, and without birth, without property, without principle, without even artifice and address, without indeed any single quality, but the *æs frontis triplex*, "the front of threefold brass."—Object not folly, vice, or villainy however black: these are puny things: from a visage truly bronzed and seared, from features muscularly fixed and hardened, issues forth a broad overpowering glare, by which all these are as totally hid, as the spots of the sun by the lustre of his beams. Were this not so, how is it, that impudence shall make impressions to advantage; shall procure admission to the highest personages, *and no questions asked*; shall suffice (in short) to make a man's fortune, where no modest merit could even render itself visible? I ask no more to insure success than that there be but enough of it: without success a man is ruined and undone, there being no mean. Should one ravage half the globe, and destroy a million of his fellow-creatures, yet, if at length he arrive at empire, as Cæsar did, he shall be admired while living as an hero, and adored perhaps as a god when dead: though, were the very same person, like Catiline, to fail in the attempt, he would be hanged as a little scoundrel robber, and his name devoted to infamy or oblivion.

Pray, what do you think the elder Pliny suggests, when he affirms it to be "the prerogative of the Art of Healing, that any man, who professes himself a physician, is instantly received as such?" He certainly suggests, that such sort of professors in his days, like the itinerent and advertising doctors of ours, had a more than ordinary portion of that bold, self-important, and confident look and manner, which, with a very little heightning, may justly be called impudence. And what but this could enable a little paltry physician, of no name or character, to gain so mighty an ascendency over such a spirit, as that of Lewis XI. of France? Read the account in Philip de Commines; and then blame me, if you can, for thinking so highly of this accomplishment.—True it is, that Lewis was afraid of death even to horror, and so as not to bear the sound of the word: and I grant, that on this same fear the empire of physic, as well as the empire of divinity, is chiefly founded; but I insist that neither the one nor the other will ever be raised effectually, without the aid and cooperation of this great and sovreign quality.

Pope Gregory VII. who governed the church from 1073 to 1085, is celebrated for having carried ecclesiastical dominion to the height: for he was the first who maintained and established, that popes, by excommunication, may depose kings from their states, and loose subjects from their allegiance. And how did he effect this? Not by genius or eloquence; not by a knowledge of canon law, and the constitutions of the holy see; no, nor by the arts of policy and grimaces of his religion (with all which he was amply endowed) but by a most insolent, daring, usurping spirit. He seized the

papal chair by force, as it were; threw the church into confusion to gratify his ambition; made kings his slaves, and bishops his creatures; and established in his own person a tyranny over things both spiritual and temporal.—But my admiration of impudence transports me too far; I will say no more upon it.

PHOENIX.

The description of the naturalist is quoted as a passage from Manilius, a Roman writer, cotemporary with Marius and Sylla, but no longer extant.

"The Phœnix is a native of Arabia, sacred to the sun, and which lives to the age of five or six hundred years; when finding the languors of dissolution approaching, it prepares a nest of the slender branches of Cassia, and other aromatic shrubs, on which it expires, and, wonderful to tell, a young bird is produced from the marrow of the bones of its parent."

My readers will hear with surprize, that a bird thus gravely mentioned by a celebrated naturalist, and spoken of by a philosophic historian, in fact, never existed.

POLITICAL PARADOX.

The following is from a modern writer I have heard immoderately praised.

"The utmost pinnacle of political perfection, is, that of being powerful and happy amidst the most enormous abuses."

To this, another may be added, which, I understand, a certain gentleman considers it as the glory of his life to have produced: the zeal with which he has enforced and explained it, has been considered, in a certain quarter, as an atonemont for his *former errors*.

"The more theoretically true any political maxim appears, in the same proportion, it will be found practically false, unsafe, and inadmissible."

RELICKS OF ANTIQUITY.

It has been frequently observed, that objects of this description, are, and have been, more safely and certainly preserved, by the worthlessness of the materials of which they are composed, than by the most scrupulous precaution, and anxious care.

Some of the most invaluable works of the ancient masters, wrought, or cast in the precious metals, and tempting the avarice of an unenlightened possessor, or the rapacity of a barbarian conqueror, have been melted down, and for ever lost to the collector and antiquary.

Accident, in a few instances, has preserved them, for the amusement and instruction of posterity; the following instance is too remarkable to be omitted in this place.

In the year sixteen hundred and fifty-six, a fisherman draging his net on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was considerably obstructed in his work, by some heavy body, which he feared would injure the net.

Proceeding slowly and cautiously, he at length drew it on shore untorn, and on examining its contents in the presence of several persons collected on the spot, he found that it was a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; underneath he observed it was a dark colored metal, which induced him to consider it as iron.

A silversmith accidentally present, encouraged the ignorant finder in this mistake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, purchased it of the poor man for a trifling sum.

The crafty knave immediately carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved, as he before suspected, to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds.

Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for sale at one time, and at one place, might produce injurious suspicion, and troublesome enquiry; he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided his new found treasure into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant places.

One of the pieces, which had been sold at Lyons, falling into the hands of Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well educated man, he directly saw its value, and after great pains and expence, procuring the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and this rare *unique* was at last placed in the cabinet of the king of France; of its fate, during the tumults of the French Revolution, I am not informed.

The curiosity of my reader will be naturally interested to know what it was the fisherman had taken in his net.

This relic of antiquity, precious in every point of view, and no less remarkable for its workmanship, than for the occasion on which it was made, and the extraordinary place and manner in which it was found, *had been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years.*

It was in fact a votive shield, presented to the heroic and excellent Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a most beautiful virgin, to her original lover; a story familiar to most classical, and to many general readers.

Dr. Maddox, who from a friendless orphan at a charity-school, and afterwards apprentice to a pastry-cook, became bishop of Worcester, in England, was indebted for his elevation, as he himself observed, to three maxims of worldly and selfish policy, which he prescribed to himself:—1st, To lose nothing for asking; 2d, Not to take a denial; and 3d, To solicit for none but himself.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

A flagitious unprincipled statesman, and chancellor during part of the reign of King Charles the second, from whom the iniquitous measure originated, of stopping payment at the exchequer, which ruined thousands.

The king, urged by want, and hating all constitutional forms, had promised he would give the treasurer's staff, to any man who could point out a method of raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds, *without applying to parliament.*

Shaftesbury, in the jollity of a second bottle, had declared, at Sir Thomas Clifford's, where he dined, that an infallible method might be suggested, if the king did not scruple doing an unjust act, and was not afraid of risking a rebellion.

Clifford caught at the words, but did not seem to notice them; he however detained Shaftesbury in conversation, till the rest of the company departed, then plying him with wine and flattery, two magic ingredients, which the noble lord could never resist, at length drew the important secret from him. Leading the unguarded statesman to his coach, he hurried to court, communicated his plan, and the first intelligence Lord Shaftesbury heard in the morning was, that Clifford was appointed Lord Treasurer.

Vexed at being duped, he drove in a rage to Clifford's, cursed him for an artful dog, and said, "Clifford, *you have been ploughing with my heifer*, but by——, if I do not share in the reward, I will *enlighten* the people a little on the subject, and make the kingdom too hot for you and your master."

A peerage, a pension, and the seals, were soon bestowed, as a sop on this political mastiff, who, as interest or resentment laid the scent, was alternately a bull-dog, a spaniel, and a turnspit, servilely obedient to, or rudely assailing royal authority.

Yet under the banners of men like these, the * * * * * and the * * * * * * * * * of our day, ideots as we are, do we foolishly enroll ourselves; strut in the degrading livery of party, adopt their cant, their watchwords and their fury; sacrifice our interest, our honour, and happiness, to men, who, with public interest wholly out of the question, consider *us* only as cats paws, to scratch their politial antagonists, to fight *their* battles, and procure for *them* the loaves and fishes of the treasury.

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS MIDDLETON, DRAMATIC POET.

This writer, having produced his satirical play of the *Game of Chess*, the *oblique* reflections it contained against the Church of Rome, occasioned the Spanish faction to get it suppressed, by order of King James the First, and by the influence of his Queen, the poet himself committed to prison—Here, he remained some time; but at length, obtained his liberty by this whimsical petition to the King.

A harmless game, caus'd only for delight,
Is play'd between the black house and the white;
The white house won—yet still the black doth brag.
They had the power to put me in the bag;
Use but your loyal hand, 'twill set me free,
'Tis but *removing of a man*—that's me.

A friar in Italy, remarkable for his piety and knowledge of mankind, being commanded to preach before the poor, at the time of a jubilee, repaired to Rome some time before the day appointed, to see the manner of the concave, and to accommodate his sermon to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he cried out with a loud voice three times, "St. Peter was a fool, St. Peter was a fool," and then came down from the pulpit. Being immediately questioned by the pope concerning the unsuitableness of his behaviour, he made this reply—"If, holy father, a cardinal can go to heaven abounding in wealth, honor, and preferment, and living at ease, wallowing in luxury, and seldom or never preaching, St. Peter *certainly* was a *fool*, who took so hard a way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, ab-

stinence, and humiliation. The pope could not deny the reasonableness of the reply.

ANECDOTE OF M. LE BRUN, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.

Le Brun used to say frequently, that he formed his studies from objects which he occasionly met with. A friend once observed him standing at the corner of a street, fixed in deep attention on the quarrel of two drunken men, who had just left a neighbouring public house. The wives and children of each party soon joined them, and espoused the interests of their respective relations. He noted the fury of the combatants; the various changes produced in their countenances by passion; and the different attitudes by which they expressed their rage or their concern; the gradual decrease of animosity, and the calm that preceded and terminated the conflict. He confessed to his friend that no ancient models whatever could produce such strong effects on the mind and fancy, as these lively representations of real nature.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Of all the books which hold out hopes of edification, *the book of the world* is the most promising. If we would study the nature of virtues and vices, we should make a greater progress in this knowledge by observing them annexed to particular and real characters, than by considering them abstractedly in themselves. Vice, contemplated alone by itself, appears through the medium of simple ideas; and not with sufficient force of impression to deter us from its acquaintance. But in real characters, especially of those persons conspicuous for their birth or situation in life, vice and virtue becomes prominent to our discernment, and their opposite qualities are sufficiently manifested for the purposes of instruction. At our first introduction to the world, we are under the influence of physiognomy; forming our judgments upon the impression which the first sight of any person may inspire, either by the form of his features, the colour of his complexion, his look, manner, and voice; and there are few persons who do not thus affect our opinions of them on our early knowledge of them. Further acquaintance shews our views of their characters were short-sighted and hasty. It is useful for our conduct, and necessary for the improvement of our situation, that we should study the characters of mankind. A man of the world by his prudence directs others as he would a machine, of which he understands the construction, to his own advantage and amusement.

LINES BY DOCTOR CAMPBELL

While, through life's thorny road I go,
I will not want companions too;
A dreary journey, and alone,
Would be, alas! too troublesome:
But company, that's choice and good,
Makes trouble hardly understood;
For toil *divided*, seems to be
No toil, but a felicity;
Therefore will I companions take,
As well for ease, as safety's sake.

Fair *Truth* shall serve me for a guide;
Justice shall never leave my side:
Integrity my trusty guard;
Nor shall I *Caution* quite discard;
Experience shall my tutor be,
Nor will I wiser seem than he;
Discretion all my thoughts shall weigh,
And *Modesty* my words convey;
Soft *Innocence* protect my sleep,
And *Charity* my purse shall keep.

Thus, through this wilderness I'll stray;
Nor ever fear to lose my way;
The *sages* I sometimes will see,
Be *sometimes* with the *Muses* free,

With guiltless mirth an hour beguile,
Or with free-spoken Satire smile;
With Meditation often walk,
Or with sweet Melancholy talk;
With these companions dear, I'll sport,
Nor heed the journey, long, or short.

FRENCH CURE,

A revolution anecdote, which, whether founded on fact or benevolent fabrication, deserves to be recorded.

"A venerable veteran," says the writer I quote, "lately presented himself at the bar of the convention, and after depositing a considerable present in silver and gold, thus addressed the members:

"I have, for more than thirty years, been parish priest in a small village on the banks of the Rhone, and the only good building in it is the church, which my parishioners desire may be converted into an hospital for the sick and wounded; it is also their wish that the bells may be cast into cannon for repelling foreign invaders; I resign my letters of ordination, I discontinue my pastoral functions, I claim no compensation for the stoppage of my salary, as I am still able to support myself by manual labour."

He was interrupted by the applauses of part of the assembly, and a well-known free-thinker, advancing towards him to shake hands, exclaimed, "You are an honest man, and a brave fellow, you do not believe there is a God?" "Before you applaud my sentiments," replied the stranger, "permit me to explain them; I rejoice at our present circumstances, not because I wish to have religion degraded but purified; if, hereafter, I join with my fellow-creatures in returning thanks to our Almighty Creator, I shall not be suspected of mercenary motives, I shall not be told that I am [illegible] circumstances.

"We resign, without reluctance, our treasures, our images, and embroidered vests, because we have never found that they amended the heart or enlightened the understanding; our churches also we can spare, for a mind impressed with gratitude to heaven, can never be at a loss for a place in which to pour fourth prayer and thanksgiving.

"As priests, we have been accused of misleading the people, by inculcating interested falsehoods, but I wish you to recollect, that, till the present day, we were not allowed to seek for truth, we were compelled to preach the same doctrines which we had received from others; as the spirit of the times now affords a favourable opportunity, let us separate the wheat from the tares, the true from the false; if we are not successful, we shall be, what is of more consequence, sincere.

"If we can produce a peasantry honest, laborious, sober, docile, temperate, and compassionate, our labour will not be vain. Having resigned the name, I shall discontinue the official dress of a minister; but it is impossible that you can object to the ignorant applying for instruction, and the unhappy for hope and consolation, and my affording them all in my power.

"When the villagers, assembled in their holiday clothes, shall be looking round them on the vineyards, the orchards, and the flocks, and ask me to whom they are indebted for the numerous blessings they enjoy? I shall naturally raise my hands to that omnipotent and benevolent Being who is the parent and protector of all.

"When they return from depositing in the earth their deceased [illegible] and demands of me,

with anxious looks, Is he gone for ever? You cannot object to my carrying their views to a state of future existence, a world beyond the grave.

"When they see, on every side, the lamentable effects of corrupt and malignant passions, may I not venture to speak of an advocate and interceder with the Almighty? Should they repine at the rewards and triumphs of vice even in this world, may I not point out to them a future state of retribution."

Without solaces like these, existence would be a burthen; they are independent of, and unconnected with, popes, with councils, with synods; they are founded on principles which existed long before altars; they are coeval with the creation of man; they are calculated for all meridians; they sympathize with our natural feelings, and are acceptable to every honest heart; they will act with power unsubdued, when London, Geneva, Pekin, Paris, and Rome, are crumbled into dust.

"Legislators! will you pardon an obscure individual, if he presumes to give you a caution; while you are destroying one superstition, which undoubtedly had numerous errors, beware lest you plant the seeds of another still more irrational and disgusting; what emotions of anguish and sorrow would it excite in your breasts, as philosophers, statesmen, and patriots, should the people on whom you have conferred civil and religious liberty, hereafter worship some clumsy idol, the work of men's hands, with the bloody rites of a Moloch, or the lascivious celebrations of a Thamuz."

The chinese have little or no taste, but in imitation they stand unrivalled. A gentleman wishing to have a silk coat made in the country, sent out, as a pattern, an old coat, which unfortunately had a patch on one elbow. The silk coat was made an exact counterpart of that sent—*not forgetting the patch.*

CHARACTER OF A CLERGYMAN.

If e'er true virtue could the muse engage,
Or stamp just value on the poet's page,
The man I sing the foremost place should claim
With the first worthies on the rolls of fame.
Learn'd, not pedantick; courteous, yet sincere;
Mild to all others; to himself severe.
With soul-subduing eloquence he warms,
Which, while convincing, still for ever charms.
Cheerless from him no penitent can go,
For sacred ever is the tear of wo:
E'en though his words like lightning seem to play,
His inward pity wipes their tears away.
The praise of man he seeks not to engage,
Nor preaching fears the rich offender's rage,
The bold apostle of an iron age.
Unlike the dull declaimers of the time,
Who by their sermons ne'er remove a crime,
His style is simple, yet his speech sublime.
Such is the sage; in fame superior far
To him who glitters in the pomp of war:
A fame that stands recorded with the just,
Well-earned by virtue, not heroick dust.

(Port Folio.)

THE UTILITY OF REPETITIONS.

An old French writer, *the abbe St. Pierre*, more remarkable for originality of thought than for the graces of style, was once reproached by a *friend* with the frequent *repetitions* which were to be found in his works. "Name them to me," said the author. The critic, with an obliging precision, mentioned all the ideas which had most frequently recured in the book. "I am satisfied," replied the honest

author, "you remember my ideas; I repeated them so often as to prevent you from forgetting them. Without my *repetitions* we should never have succeeded."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK KING OF PRUSSIA.

In a small town of Prussian Silesia, there is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and considerbly enriched with valuable oblations made by pious Roman Catholics. A short time since the sexton observed, that some of the oblations had disappeared. The suspicion fell on a soldier of the garrison, who was constantly seen the first to come in, and the last to go out. One day he was stopped just as he was setting his foot out of the gate; and being searched, two silver hearts that had been appended before the Virgin were found in his pocket. The priests made a horrid noise on the enormity of his crime, calling him a sacrilegious man, an execrable villain, and a hellish monster; but he had the assurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery—affirming, that the Virgin, for whom he had ever professed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a present of the offerings. This excuse, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing, and he was condemned to die as a church robber. The sentence being, as usual, carried to the king for his approbation, his Majesty convened the chiefs of the Catholic clergy of Berlin, and put this question to them; whether according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any possibility of truth in the story of the soldier? Upon which they all unanimously answered, that the event was indeed uncommon, but not absolutely impossible: after which declaration, the king wrote under the sentence, which deserves perhaps a greater encomium than the famous judgment of Solomon. "The delinquent having constantly denied the theft, and the divines of his persuasion attesting that the prodigy wrought in his favour was not impossible, we think proper to save his life; but at the same time, for the future, we make it death for him to receive any present of the Virgin Mary, or of any saint whatever. FREDERICK."

DESCRIPTION OF CHARITY.

BY REV. W. L. BOWLES.

" Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Ought like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is ought in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn?
Is ought so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moon-light on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
Brother to brother binds, and man to man"

When Charles the fifth had resigned the sceptre of Spain, and the imperial crown of Germany, he retired to the monastery of St. Justus, near the city of Placentia, in Estremadura. It was situated in a vale of no great extent, water-

ed by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Here he cultivated with his own hands the plants in his garden, and sometimes he rode out to a neighboring wood on a little horse, attended only by a single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his own table; or he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. He was extremely curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches, and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go *exactly alike*, he reflected with a mixture of surprise, as well as regret, on his own folly (as he might also on his own cruelty and injustice) in having exerted himself with so much zeal and perseverance in the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to an uniformity of sentiment concerning the doctrines of religion. Happy would it have been for Europe if this just and striking analogy had occurred to the monarch during the plenitude of his power! And happy might it now prove, if allowed to operate, against the spirit of bigotry and persecution, which still actuates many individuals, and even large communities.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Dr. Gibbs of London has opposed the Lavoisierian theory of Chemistry, and adduced the phenomena of Galvanism, produced by one fluid to establish the nonexistance of oxigen and hydrogen as bases of particular gasses He contends that we have no evidence that the ponderable parts of oxigen and hydrogen air are substances differing from each other, or in any respect peculiar substances; or that water is a compound resulting from the union of these two substances.

Denmark.—The Supreme Court of Justice, at Copenhagen, lately laid before the King, an account of all criminals in the Danish dominions, including Iceland and the Indian colonies, on whom sentence has been passed in the year 1806; in which it is stated that two hundred and five crimials, eighteen of whom were foreigners, were in that year sentenced to corporeal punishment; five for murder, eight for other capital crimes, seven for forgery, and the rest for inferior offences. The number of criminals bears a proportion to the whole population of the kingdom and colonies as one to ten thousand.

DOMESTIC.

Kid and Thomas, Baltimore, have published the Winter in London, 2 vols.--2 Dollars——The following notice we extract from a late London publication.

"Fashion, that universal arbitress, though frequently erroneous in her decisions, has for once, by sanctioning Mr. Surr's *Winter in London*, which has now passed through eight editions, proved that she is sometimes deserving of attention. This truly excellent novel abounds with satire on the fashionable world. The author's shafts are admirably levelled; they never fall short of their aim; his *hits* are numerous and *palpable*. Mr. Surr very broadly exposes the absurdities of certain fashionable newspapers, and their patrons; and the infamous artifices of malignant reviewers. He has displayed great taste in the grouping of his masquerade scene; the character of the duchess of Belgrave, is pourtrayed by the hand of a master; the letters of that lady are written in the most facinating style of characteristic elegance; and, upon the whole, the *Winter in London* must rank with the very best of novels.

POETRY.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'er the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp, fed but with little oil,
The curate sat (for scanity was his hire,)
And ruminated sad the morrow's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare,
The stated lectures of the coming tide;
No day of rest to him, but day of care;
At manie a church to preach, with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice,
The harvest, gain'd from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond, but fearful eye,
A while he paus'd, for sorrow stopt his throte,
Arriv'd at length, he heav'd a bitter sighe,
And thus complain'd, as well indeed, he mote:

"Here is a scholar's lot, condemn'd to sail,
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Clouds blind his sight, nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port, except the grave.

"Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my reel,
With youthful ardour, and bright science fraughte,
Unanxious of the pains, long doom'd to feel;
Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

"Plea's'd on the summit sea, I danc'd awhile,
With gay companions, and with views as fair,
Outstript by these, I'm kept to humble toil,
My fondest hopes abandon'd in dispair.

"Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
To highest flights, to croster, and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn, the missinge of my prize,
For soaring wishes, well deserve their fall.

"No tow'ring thoughts like these, engag'd my breast,
I hop'd (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan,)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
The scheme of duty suited to the man.

"Where, in my narrow sphere, secure at ease,
From vile dependence free, I might remain
The guide to good, the counsellor of peace
The friend, the shepherd, to the village swain.

"Yet, cruel fate, deny'd the small request
And bound me fast in one ill-omen'd hour,
Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest
The slave of wealthie pride, and priestly pow'r.

"Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
In distant chapels, hastilie to pray,
By nod, scarce notic'd, of the passing throngе;
'*Tis but the curate*, every child will say.

"Nor circumscrib'd in *dignity* alone,
Do I my rich superior's vassal ride;
Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

"Ah! not for me, the harvest yields its store;
The bough-crown'd shock, in vain attracts mine eye,
To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor
I pass the field, *I hope*, not envious by.

"When at the altar, surplice-clad I stand
The bridgroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
The gift I take, but dare not close my hand,
The splendid present, centers not in me.

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

It happened in a healthful year,
(Which made provision very dear,
And physic mighty cheap;)
A doctor, sore oppress'd with want,
On business turning out so scant,
Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,
And hop'd no dangerous illness had
To any friend befel.
"O Lord! you quite mistake the case!"
(Quoth Blister;) "Sir, this rueful face
"Is—'cause my friends are well."

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